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FIFTH EPISTLE TO A FRIEND

IN TOWN,

WARWICKSHIRE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY CHANDOS LEIGH, Esq

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1835.

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,
TO
PHILIP NICHOLAS SHUTTLEWORTH,
WARDEN OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD,
THE FOLLOWING VERSES ARE DEDICATED,
AS A SMALL TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,
AND ADMIRATION FOR HIS CHARACTER,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

853764

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FIFTH

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

PERFECTIBILITY.

“The age of sophists, calculators, and economists has succeeded.”—BURKE.

O’ER her vast verdant nest Composure broods !
There is a forest-grandeur in the woods
That lengthen through the valley, or on high,
Like emerald clouds against a silver sky,
Towering into the air, luxuriant crown
The hills, or grateful stretch the vales adown ;
Foliage o’er foliage, swelling, dark, and bright ;
With shadows here imbrowned, there bathed in light.

Once more enshrouded in the woods that close
My mansion round, once more I woo repose,

Dream of rose-colour'd days that long have pass'd,
And moralize o'er flowers too gay to last,
Yet now produced again, this month to cheer :
Youth's flower, when faded, ne'er shall reappear !

Exults the young enthusiast when he sees
An emerald cloud of richly foliaged trees
Deepening into the sunlight's golden glow ?
Dearer to me the shades of evening now !
As we rove Avon's flowery banks along,
We seem to hear the tricky Ariel's song :
Love-breathing imagery flows around
(A poet's presence hallows it) this ground.
Like a young beauty placed in grandeur's car,
Smiles o'er yon purple cloud one lovely star :
That Shakspeare's spirit liveth there we deem,
So brightly imaged 'tis in Avon's stream.
Now through the air, sweeter than Grisi's notes,
At times imaginary music floats.

There may be planets in which beings dwell, (1)
The least of whom even Newton might excell—

•

Intelligences wonderful ; yet far,
As from the primal fount of light a star
Twinkling in the immeasurable abyss,
Their knowledge from the great Creator's is.
Each in his orbit brightening, as he nears
The rainbow-circled glory-throne, appears. ⁽²⁾
How spirit join'd by love to spirit shines,
As flame when touching flame its strength combines, ⁽³⁾

The essences of things before them brought
Without continuous exercise of thought !
Slow is our progress to perfection here,
Whate'er it may be in another sphere ;
Narrow the path that leads to Truth's abode,
In spite of Bentham's wrong-expelling code.

While institutions thrive, and boys are made
Philosophers by adventitious aid ;
While e'en the difference 'twixt right and wrong
Must now to calculation's art belong ;
While barren axioms, with much parade,
Are as increase of mental wealth display'd ;

While dull materialists will not believe
That there are modes our senses can't perceive,
Rapid as thought and bodiless as light,
As if what is, must present be to sight;—
Some seers predict (their prescience not divine)
That in this world far greater lights will shine :
Then through the night of ages will the star
Of Shakspeare seem a luminous point afar ;
That governments more perfect will be wrought
By an improved machinery of thought!

Experience may foreshow the future through
A glass, indeed, discolour'd to our view ;
A clearer prescience of hereafter none
Can have whose lives are measured by Time's
zone.

Who can foretell whate'er to-morrow's dawn
May bring?—not sage in ermine or in lawn.
Who, as they down through countless ages go,
The sequences of any act foreknow ?
Thought executing projects, that alone
Once fasten'd on attention, *now* are gone—

Gone ! like an arrow through the pathless air,
That closeth round and nought remaineth
there !

Plan what you may, discover what you will—
Remain unchangeable old vices still—
The most depraved of this lust-dieted race
In arts excell not Valmont or Lovelace : *
Man is the same for ever, and to write
Of present times trite themes is to indite.

Power yet evades, with Cunning for her guide,
Deep plans by Knowledge framed to curb her
pride :

Awhile he may recede, but reappears
As Superstition vile her flag uprears ;
Then, (let the theorist of his race be proud,)
Around her troop the pomp-adoring crowd,
The despot slily fastens on their necks
His chain—adieu to legislative checks !

* The heroes of “Clarissa” and “Les Liaisons dangereuses.”
Par nobile fratrum !

Historians fancy that a king is born
To trouble men, like great Astolfo's horn. (4)
Princes will have their toys : (5) for diadems
Some fight ; more harmless, others play with gems,
Lengthen their palaces, pavilions build,
And ceilings gay of grand saloons o'ergild.
The self-will'd autocrat essays to bind,
Like fulminating Popes of old, the mind ;
And Metternich, whose statecraft thrives so well,
Reacts the worn-out part of Machiavell.
Thus we improve ; *mild* emperors succeed
The imperial h——t. Does not Poland bleed ?
As in a fox-chase, in pursuit of fame
The cry is “ Forward ! forward ! ” still the same.
The restless spirit that impels the squire
To risk his neck, will set the world on fire,
When it impels proud princes, who, to fill
Their vacant hours up, hunt men and kill.

For fame—for fame unsated—Genius thirsts
And dies : thus mounts the bubble gay and bursts !

Thus Shelley blazed awhile—thus Byron shone,
And Burns—sons of the morning: they are gone!
Since they have pass'd away from earth in prime
Of manhood, surely in the abyme of time,
Else had they perish'd not with thoughts full-blown,
The seeds of mightier intellect are sown.
Are there not master-minds that in the deep
Abyss of time yet unawakened sleep?
Like birds of brighter plumage than have been
Discover'd yet, hereafter to be seen,
Poets profuse of many-colour'd thought,
Shall from the morning's womb to life be brought,*
Gladden the favour'd country where they shine,
And pour fresh lustre even on truths divine;
And new discoveries by science made
Shall to their songs bring illustration's aid.
Visions of glory they may see, and glow
With Milton's spirit—more than Milton know;
While prophecies now unfulfill'd, but then
Complete, extend their intellectual ken.

* “The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.”

Vain hope ! still Shakspeare towers unmatch'd ; (6)
and where

Is Fancy's child with Spenser to compare ?

With what an affluence of beauty *now*
The gay Elysiums in this island glow !
Nature hereafter never can improve
On high-born maids, who win all hearts to love.
Who shall, engirt by Venus' cestus, be
Brighter than those in royal halls we see ?
Though garmented in light they are, the rays
Of sparkling eyes outshine their diamonds'
blaze !

Through Fancy's glass no poet can disclose
A fairer flower than the patrician rose ;
Perfect in shape, and beautiful in hue—
Shall future suns a lovelier bring to view ?

As Britomart* in magic mirror view'd
The semblance of her knight, and that pursued ;

* See Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, Book III. Canto ii. Stanzas 17, 18.

Thus in the glass of Fancy man beholds
Some object that to please him *Passion* moulds,—
Fame, fortune, honour, if of this possess'd,
Deeming himself to be as Cræsus bless'd.
When won, though beautiful as god of day,
The golden idol has but feet of clay !
Many through gay saloons who laughing pass,
If window'd were their bosoms as with glass,
Would, as in Eblis hall each glittering form,
Disclose to view the ever-burning worm. (7

Impostors flourish in this age of light :
Not least of these the wizard Exquisite.
His stars are diamond-studs, that glitter through
The foldings of a waistcoat rich in hue
As clouds at sunset on a summer's eve,
Where gold and silver tissues interweave.
His magic wand a cane of polish'd stem
Of rarest wood, and rough with many a gem.*
His book an album, golden-clasp'd and bound
In velvet, wreath'd with flowers enamell'd round ;

* Clara micante auro flammisque imitata pyropo.—*Ovid*.

Within are words omnipotent to charm
Unharden'd minds, and youthful spirits warm,
On satin paper beautifully writ :
Above are emblems—for such pages fit !

Some in the hot-bed of a magazine
Would nurse their wit ; you see in every line
Their labour'd efforts to produce a store
Of caustic sayings, none produced before.
They *latent* virtues have, like gems that shone
On Aaron's breastplate, or the sage's stone.

Still, as the globe of knowledge we turn round,
More desolate wastes than cultured spots are
found,
Though German mystics would reclaim—in vain—
Some tracts from speculation's dark domain.
Though Science superadds her annual tome
To treasured lore, predicts she things to come ?

Hereafter mightier spirits may displace
Those in the world who fill no little space ;

They may discover secret ties, that light
And heat and electricity unite :
Even gravitation, of material laws
The rule, may sink into a wider cause. ⁽⁸⁾
Our sons, the flights of science are so high,
On hippogriffs throughout the air may fly ;
And fictions, by ambitious bards devised
In an inventive age, be realised.
Truth-loving men, o'ermastering selfish will,
This world, a wider paradise, may fill ;
And as they further wisdom's mine explore,
Will learn to separate from dross the ore.

Lovers of liberty, alas ! proclaim
That man through life has but one selfish
aim ;
That every act, whatever be its fruit,
In self-regarding interest takes root.
A noble doctrine this our hopes to cheer !—
Fine promise of the millenary year !
While all that grace and beautify our lives
Must now be thrown aside as Reason thrives ;

And Poesy, divested of the warm
Colours that Fancy gives, must lose her charm.

The little tyrant of his neighbourhood
Would be a patriot, since he hates the good
Who prosper in their fortunes, and will bawl
For equal laws, to be above them all :
Such paltry tricks as factious jugglers long
Have play'd, still unimproved, delude the
 throng.

Those who expediency the rule of right
Would make, at once extinguish Gospel-light,
Dethrone the Conscience, and let idols base,—
Ambition, Avarice,—usurp her place.
Pigmies in virtue are the great on earth,
When low the standard is of human worth.
Is an Utopian commonwealth the sole
Object of thought—*that* only Reason's goal?
And has the world unknown no higher bliss
Than that which sanguine minds predict in this?
Minds that are mechanised by logic, learn
To think by rule, but not for virtue yearn.

Virtue a never-failing zeal requires
To spread her influence—such as love inspires.
Has the philologist e'er sown the seed
From which springs up to life a virtuous deed?
Has the self-pluming moralist o'erthrown
Idolaters of sense, who faith disown?

But now devotion, fond enthusiasts say,
Diffuses all around a brighter day.
Seeming Religion walks not in this age
With noiseless step; like heralds on a stage
Zealots blow loud the woe-trumpet, then urge
Denunciations, rising surge o'er surge
Against their weaker brethren; through the town
They have, but where's their charity,—renown?
Such fire-enkindling spirits fright the mind,
Destroy the reason, and the judgment blind.
Not such is Keble, Rhedycina's tower
Of strength, but humble as his much-loved
flower;*

* See his beautiful Stanzas to the Snowdrop in his "Tuesday in Easter-week."

Whose "Christian year," too fine for spirits dull,
A golden censer is, of odours full ;
A heaven-accepted offering, that fumes
With incense—the life-giving word illumines.
That Charity we seemingly adore
Has now less influence than she had of yore.
Who with a comprehensive love embrace
Their flock not only, but the human race,
Like messengers from God, who speed their
flight

On embassies of good through worlds of light ?
While militant against the church and state,
Sects give mouth-honour to the sects they hate !
Destroy that old alliance, and they burn
(Meek men !) each other's doctrines to o'erturn ;
The less perceptible the shades may be
Of difference, they the more will disagree !

Where is that zeal for virtue that entire
Circled the soul, an unconsuming fire ?
That strength of purpose which, as Jesus still'd
The raging sea, the calm of passions will'd ?

Though Science heavenward oft sublimely soars,
And amid worlds discover'd God adores,
Yet her disciples, analysing laws
Of matter, may forget the great First Cause ;
Unless humility, a flower once prized,
But in this wiser age a weed despised,
Shall with its pride-subduing virtue quell
Thoughts that are wont around vain hearts to
swell.

Who, like the poet-preacher, glows with love
Inbreath'd by the Great Spirit from above,
Who once on sacred heads, in tongues of flame,
Down from the triune Sun of Glory came,
Illumining with inward light, express'd
Thus visibly the synod of the bless'd ?
Here pause: the sand runs down the hour-glass,—
Moments away irrevocably pass.
A little line, 'twixt “ shall be ” and “ has been,”
Scarce on the vast map of existence seen,
Is life:—a streak of light soon reinvolved
In darkness—an enigma never solved !

Another year is gone, and down the stream
Of time my little bark is hurried,—gleam
Hope's ever-shifting lights afar. The past
Is nought—the prospect of the future vast
And undefined. What do the wise foresee?—
That all as if it ne'er had been shall be!
What may through intermediate ages rise
We know not; knowledge here no aid supplies.
O pride of human intellect, beyond
His circle vain is the magician's wand!

This world, oft deem'd a paradise, at best
Is but the world—a hell to the oppress'd!
Darken the prospect of the future, man,
A care-worn brute, is tyrant-stricken, wan.
Open the pages of the sacred book,
The poor for bliss compensatory look:
Whatever Dives in his full-blown pride
May think of them, *for* them the Saviour died.

NOTES TO PERFECTIBILITY.



(¹) *There may be planets in which beings dwell.*

“ All that till now their rapt researches knew,
Not called in slow succession to review,
But as a landscape meets the eye of day,
At once presented to their glad survey.”

ROGERS' *Pleasures of Memory*.



(²) *The rainbow-circled glory-throne.*

“ And there was a rainbow round about the
throne in sight like to an emerald.”—REV. iv. 3.



(³) *As flame when touching flame its strength combines.*

“ All that I shall now say of it is, that a good
man is united to God as a flame touches a flame

and combines into splendour and glory ; so is the spirit of a man united into Christ by the Spirit of God.”—JEREMY TAYLOR.

(⁴) *Historians fancy that a king is born
To trouble men, like great Astolfo's horn.*

“ Dico che 'l corno è di sì orribil suono
Ch' ovunque s'ode fa fuggir la gente ;
Non può trovarsi al mondo un cuor sì buono
Che possa non fuggir *come lo sente.*”
ARIOSTO, canto xv. stanza 15.

(⁵) *Princes will have their toys.*

Anastasius exclaims, in anticipation of his future grandeur :—“ Chill of age nor of climate shall stop me ; I shall grasp at all—become another Potemkin, rule an empire, have a court ; alternate between arranging fêtes and planning campaigns ; pay my card-money in diamonds ; make mosaic-work of provinces ; plant orange-trees and citron-groves on hanging terraces of icicles ; and, when

tired of illuminations and the Neva, set fire on the Bosphorus, and transport the seat of empire from the vicinity of the White Sea to the shores of the Black Sea.”—*Memoirs of Anastasius*, vol. iii. p. 16.

Forbes, in his “Oriental Memoirs,” (vol. iii. p. 284,) that teem with descriptions of Oriental magnificence, speaking of Asufud Dowlah, son of the famous Nabob of Oude, says: “I saw him, in the midst of this precious treasure, handling his jewels, that amounted to eight millions sterling, as a child does his toys.”

(6) *Vain hope! still Shakspeare towers unmatched.*

When Campbell, in his noble poem, “The Pleasures of Hope,” with all the sanguine enthusiasm of youth, anticipates the improvement of mankind, he yet admits that Shakspeare will never be equalled:

“Yes, there are hearts, prophetic hope may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain’d to wake the adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordain’d to light with intellectual day
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play;
Or, warm with Fancy’s energy, to glow
And rival all but Shakspeare’s name below.”

- (7) *Many through gay saloons who laughing pass,
If window'd were their bosoms as with glass,
Would, as in Eblis hall each glittering form,
Diselose to view the ever-burning worm.*

“ They went wandering from chamber to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery—all without bounds or limit; all distinguishable by the same lowering gloom, all adorned with the same awful grandeur, all traversed by persons in search of repose and consolation, but who sought them in vain; for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames.”—*Vathek*, p. 217.

- (8) *Even gravitation, of material laws
The rule, may sink into a wider cause.*

“ Perhaps the day may come when even gravitation, no longer regarded as an ultimate principle, may be resolved into a yet more general cause, embracing every law that regulates the material world.”—SOMERVILLE *on the Connexion of the Physical Sciences*, p. 409.

A MAY-MORNING.

Crocus and hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more coloured than with stones
 Of costliest emblem.—MILTON.

LIKE a cloud all resplendent with green and with
 gold

Is the wood, now the mists of the morn are up-
 roll'd.

The trees are now robed in their freshest attire,
 And the sunbeams illume them with quick-glancing
 fire :

The leaflets expanding, now brighten all over,
 Like a young glowing maiden at sight of her
 lover.

White blossoms, like diamonds, sparkle between
 Gay foliage, vivid with emerald-green ;

And undergrown shrubs their light arms interlace,
Trailing here, running there, with an intricate
grace ;

And insects, fine minions of spring, in the stream
Of light floating through leafy trellises gleam.
Here by-walks from paths more frequented di-
verge,

Or, springing from glens, into vistas emerge.
Here Poesy lives not in words, but in feeling,
While the fragrance of plants o'er our senses is
stealing ;

And blue flowers laugh, like the beautiful eyes
Of woman, mid others of infinite dyes
That enrich, like mosaic's most gorgeous inlay,
The turf, so profuse of their colours in May.
Wild hyacinths, loveliest here of their class,
With hues caught from heaven, spring up as ye
pass,

More splendid, when flowering o'er bank and through
glade,

Than Solomon in all his glory array'd !

A PARK SCENE.

HERE trees most prodigal of shade
With umbrage deep imbrown the glade ;
Each venerable as the oak
Whence oracles of old have spoke,
Of years and leafy honours full,
Romantic, grand, and beautiful !
Some grouped less closely, on the hill
Stretch out their giant arms at will
Above, below, or crowd the dell,
Or singly grace yon upland swell.
In massive majesty sedate
They stand, immoveable as fate ;
Some in decay—how picturesque !
Others, like sylvan Pan, grotesque :

Each fit to canopy a throne
Of royal priest—the druid's stone ; (1)
Each fit to be, so high they tower,
An emblem of the Assyrian power.*
And where breaks out the mellow mould
In shapes fantastically bold,
Entwisted in the bank above
Vast trunks projecting form a cove
O'er the calm river, that below
Reflects each gently-pendent bough ;
Though here and there, half grey, half green,
Ledges of rock may intervene,
While many a trailing plant upshoots
From chasms underneath the roots.

* “ Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches and with a shadowy shroud, and of a high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs.”—EZEKIEL, chap. xxxi. 3.

NOTE TO A PARK SCENE.

(1) *Each fit to canopy a throne*
Of royal priest—the druid's stone.

“The oak, the statue of the Celtic Jove, was here, as in all other countries, selected for a peculiar consecration; and the Plain of Oaks, the tree of the field of adoration under which the Dalcasian chiefs were inaugurated, and the sacred Oak of Kildare, show how early and long this particular branch of the primitive worship prevailed.” — MOORE'S *History of Ireland*, (just published,) vol. i. page 46.

See also the account of the druidical stones and groves in Henry's “*History of England*,” vol. i. page 176.

STANZAS ON THE TIMES.

Or love, the flower that closes up for fear,
When rude and selfish spirits breathe too near.

K E B I. E.

THE cares of life hang heavy on our hearts—
All that was born of spirit is extinct
Within us! Soon the world its lore imparts,
With good, as far as sense unites it, link'd
To minds with heaven-sown virtue once instinct.
Each in his generation wise, pursues
Gain, or a good as palpable, distinct.
Few, like the maid beloved of Heaven, will choose
The better part:—what win they for the prize they
lose?

A stream spontaneous flowing from the heart

Of love divine, an ardent zeal for truth,

Wanting no aid from oratory's art—

These—these pervade not now, as once, our
youth—

All for effect now speak and write, in sooth.

To idols of the theatre we bow :

Even our compassion is but show of ruth ;

We seem with an indignant zeal to glow

In halls that ring with slavery's wrongs, but shun
the house of woe.

The meeting's frequent shout is as the clash

Of cymbals, waking in vain man delight,

Whose charity is but a transient flash

Of feeling. How unlike the purer light

That lives self-fed within the heart by night,

By day, in shade or sunshine, burning strong !

Effluence of seraph fair, Charissa hight —

Supreme the brightest sanctities among !

Can her fine spirit visit those who court the ignoble
throng ?

SPIRITS OF THE SUN.

Such miracles and dazzling sights
 As genii of the sun behold
 At evening from their tents of gold
 Upon the horizon, where they play
 Till twilight comes and, ray by ray,
 The sunny mansions melt away.

MOORE.

As golden-wing'd intelligences play
 In festive circle round the god of day,
 They from his aspect draw a strength divine,
 And mirror'd in his eyes their splendours shine.
 With ever-crescent light they smile, how blest !
 Their joy is by augmented light exprest !
 They are more beautiful than——loveliness
 Like theirs what imagery can express,

Though it be Shelley's, radiant with the stores
That Nature from her bursting horn outpours?
They are more beautiful than early glow
Of spring, when Earth renews her youth, as now!
Brighter than rose-hues of the morn, or red
Pyrus, that garlands Beauty's flower-bed!

Through orbits of interminable light
They look—how piercing is their visual might!
Discerning germs, with which all worlds are rife,
Ere they, expanding, blossom into life!

A C A L M.

HAST thou the high-spiced bowl of pleasure drained,
 And since thy spirits fail thee now, art pained ?
 Go and erect thy cottage near a cliff
 That overlooks the sea, there build thy skiff ;
 And as the waves o'er waves precursive ride,
 Bold, as war-horses charging in their pride,
 Sail o'er their foaming crests, or ply the oar ;
 Regain thy health,—“repent and sin no more.”
 Or on the downs, the life of life inhale,
 Where scents of wild thyme freshen through the
 gale ;
 Where the gay gorse, a golden mass, abounds,
 Glittering and sharp as wit that, handled, wounds.
 Th' expanse of plains, the boundlessness of seas,
 Heal with their charm sublime the mind's disease :

Pure elements, and free, create a sense
Of primitive joy that quells e'en grief intense,
And to the heart restore, whate'er the loss
By friction with the world, its vernal gloss.
Who can the fathomless ocean view, and feel
For petty interests of this world a zeal?
How beautiful the ocean's argentry,
Reflecting the mild splendours of the sky!
Thus woman's eyes reflect her partner's joy:
These sweet analogies our thoughts employ
As the primeval works of Heaven we view,
Each object touched with harmonizing hue!
A calm has circumfused the silvery deep
Serene as beauty's smile or infant's sleep:
The very rocks look gentleness; the air
Is hush'd, as charm'd by a young spirit's prayer!
All is a stirless solitude, and now
Is Nature's aspect clear as Jesus' brow.
Call it *not* solitude!—the Almighty Power
Is as a visible presence in this hour.

TAGLIONI.

How gracefully she now advances ! see
That step so firm, so elegant, and free !
Now move with an inimitable ease
Her lovely limbs—no effort hers to please !
'Tis the perfection of all art conceal'd—
The grace and energy of life reveal'd ;
While sylph and sylphid, beauteous girl and boy,
Hover around her, prodigal of joy.
This union of repose and power combined
Once co-existed in the Sculptor's mind,
When at his call divinities awoke
From marble, and to hearts, though silent, spoke.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
 Quàm domus Albunæ resonantis,
 Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
 Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

HORATII, liber i. Od. 7.

HERE is the aspect of the country grand ;
 Green are the meads through which clear rivers
 flow ;
 Here o'er the road, as guardians of the land,
 Vast oaks their venerable branches throw ;
 And in the sunlight woods continuous glow,
 Where Perdita might choose her choicest store
 Of flowers with artless comment to bestow
 On high-born swains ; and where, with Hellenore
 Laurel-crown'd, sylvan boys from openings might
 outpour.

Here Flora's spots of loveliness surpass

Armida's gardens or Alcina's isle :

Gay flower-beds, fountains bosom'd in soft grass,

And bowers, o'er which with parasitic wile

Wind flower-inwoven creepers, here beguile

The slave to Mammon of his golden cares,

As plays o'er Avon's stream eve's roseate smile.

And Nature here her richest livery wears,

Flourishing as her poet's fame, whose throne no
rival shares.

Beautiful are the fields that brighten round

Stratford, where fairies dance beneath the moon.

And Ariels, as he sleeps on sacred ground,

Such poetry is in the air, at noon

Visit the day-dreams even of rustic loon.

Juliet before the eye of fancy glows

With love, far lovelier than in grand saloon

The richest gems of beauty : Shakspeare throws

There round the mind a charm it never elsewhere
knows.

Mightiest of mighty Bards ! (¹) may I unblamed
 Approach thee with the homage of my praise ?
 Hamlet, Macbeth, scarce by historians named,
 Familiar to our minds from earliest days,
 Haunt us *all*, “ like a passion ” in thy plays.
 ’Twas thine all characters of life to hit,
 Or in the soul sublime emotions raise,
 Or melt with tenderness, delight with wit;
 Then people fancied worlds with beings for them fit.

And Warwickshire of Somerville can boast, (²)
 The Poet of the Chase, she cannot spare
 (Though Avon’s Bard is in himself a host)
 Her claim to names enroll’d in annals fair
 Of fame, since days of Shakspeare somewhat rare.
 ’Tis said, the county has become effete*
 With bringing forth Creation’s richest heir :
 Yet Warton offered up, as was most meet,
 Incense of praise to Dugdale in a sonnet sweet. (³)

* There is a caustic saying of Dr. Parr’s on record, that
 “ Warwickshire produced Shakspeare, and became effete.”

They were congenial spirits, and they drunk
Deep from the fount of antiquarian lore ;
Their works monastic piles in ruin sunk
To grandeur architectural restore,
And renovate their Norman fame of yore.
In Warton's verse fair dames and barons bold.
And Gothic pageants, pass the mind before :
Vast local treasures Dugdale's tomes unfold
That might have been for aye buried in records old.

The spirit of the Nimrod-Bard survives
Not in heroic verse, but toast or song :
The sport, now heighten'd into racing, gives
Strength to the weak, and glory to the strong.
Re-echoing woods the joyous cry prolong
Of " forward ;" swift as breeze o'er waving corn,
Hounds sweep unequall'd in their pace along
Large fields from Radbourne Gorse,* and Boxall's†
horn
Can make the heart rejoice on dull November's morn.

* A famous covert in Warwickshire.

† Who knows not Bill Boxall, the celebrated huntsman to the Warwickshire hounds ?

Where is the sage oracular that dwelt

Whilome at Hatton, *cloud-compelling* Parr? (⁴)

Who, boldly speaking what he strongly felt,

With Tories waged interminable war.

Though paled by Porson's light, he was a star
Of magnitude, and gloried in a name

Through realms of knowledge celebrated far ;
And many, by the splendour of his fame
Attracted, to the great high-priest of learning
came.

His feasts were sumptuous on his natal day ; (⁵)

His viands excellent, and old his wine:

On the smooth sideboard shone in bright array

His plate, magnificent for a divine ;

Fair, as the yet unmelted flagons shine

In banquet-rooms of high-born thanes : he loved

To welcome in his guests, and *make* them dine.

Then went the grace-cup round ; (⁶) the cloth re-
moved,

Toasts follow'd,—some too strong for gentler spirits
proved.

Rich as the colours of the rainbow shone

His eloquent discourse, whate'er the theme ;

Whether he spoke of mighty statesmen gone,

Their names like bubbles, buoyant on Time's
stream —

Glittering, though evanescent as a dream ;

Or as his guests with old Falernian warm'd,

Flashed with the goblet round wit's frequent
beam :

Sunny old man ! his imagery charm'd

Ripe scholars, *wise* self-love his satire oft alarm'd.

Kenilworth Castle ! history relates

Its pristine grandeur, and tradition tells

A tale of more than even romance creates,

Though fancy aids the work with magic spells,

Of pomp, that splendours of the East excels.

What deities salute the Virgin Queen !*

Each sea-god who in coral cavern dwells !

* See Laneham's letter describing the magnificent pageants presented before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575; also Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*.

Triton and Proteus strange, in vesture green,
Diana with her nymphs, the gods of Greece are
seen !

And Glory, with her glittering wings extended,
Mantles at sunset these time-hallowed towers :
Here features beautiful with stern are blended ;
Ever-green ivy arches rough imbowers,
And crumbling walls are crown'd with gay wild
flowers

As if in mockery of their former state ;
Luxuriantly green through frequent showers
Thickens the couch-grass near the castle-gate,
Where gaudy vassals stood their lord's approach to
wait.

And are the ensigns of thy grandeur gone,
(" Thus unlamented pass the proud away !")
Proud Leicester—thou aspirant to the throne
Homaging with thy chivalrous array
The Gloriana of our Spenser's lay ?

Thou art immortalized, but not thy lot

To have the guerdon of Fame's purest ray

By Genius pour'd around thy name, by Scott ;

The portrait is too true to life -- 'twere best to be
forgot !

NOTES TO WARWICKSHIRE.

I WOULD 'have ventured a few stanzas in praise of Warwick Castle, that rivals "the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers," were I not aware that no description of mine could do it adequate justice. I have selected a stanza or two from an unpublished Poem, "Lines on Warwick Castle," that has been much admired. The author is, I believe, a physician of eminence at Edinburgh.

Discern ye not the mighty master's power

In yon devoted saint's uplifted eye ?*

That clouds the brow and bids already lower

O'er the first Charles† the shades of sorrow nigh?

That now on furrowed front of Rembrandt gleams ;

Now breathes the rose of life and beauty there,

In the soft eye of Henrietta‡ dreams,

And fills with fire the glance of Gondomar ?§

* Ignatius Loyola, by Rubens.

† Charles the First, by Vandyke.

‡ Henrietta Queen of England, by Vandyke.

§ Gondomar, by Velasquez.

Here, to Salvator's solemn pencil true,
 Huge oaks swing rudely in the mountain blast;
 Here grave Poussin on gloomy canvass threw
 The lights that steal from clouds of tempest past.
 And see from Canaletti's glassy wave,
 Like eastern mosques, patrician Venice rise!
 Or marble moles that rippling waters lave,
 Where Claude's warm sunsets tinge Italian skies.

* * * * *

Hark! from the depths beneath the proud saloon
 The water's moan comes fitful and subdued,
 Where in mild glory yon triumphant moon
 Smiles on the arch that nobly spans the flood.
 And here have kings and hoary statesmen gazed,
 When spring with garlands decked the vale below,
 Or when the waning year had lightly razed
 The banks where Avon's lingering fountains flow.

(¹) *Mightiest of mighty Bards.*

What commentators and eulogists, English or German, can do justice to Shakspeare? And he was born at Stratford in *this* county! "think of that, my masters," and on this day (April 23rd). Seven cities laid claim to Homer; Stratford claims Shakspeare, and no town or city in the world can dispute that claim.

Let us feast on his works to-day; and if they want any garnish, let it be the garnish of Mrs. Jameson's admirable *Characteristics of Women*. How beautiful (perhaps a little too ornamented) is the chapter on "Juliet!" Mrs. Jameson has sprung a new mine; she has discovered unsuspected beauties in Shakspeare, inexhaustible as his foster-mother Nature. The grateful citizens of Stratford have their annual dinner to-day in commemoration of Shakspeare's birth—

"May good digestion wait on appetite!"

In Drake's "*Memorials of Shakspeare*," there are some admirable delineations of the characters of the great poet by the most distinguished writers of the present day,—Schlegel, Goëthe, Campbell, Coleridge. Perhaps the finest of the sketches, all of which are excellent in their way, is that taken from Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* (page 93). But no description of Shakspeare's genius by a writer of talent and taste can convey to the reader what the writer himself *must* feel. To attempt such a description is

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet."

Oh Shakspeare!

"Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,

And not the whole combined and countless throng
 Compose a mind like thine!—though all in one
 Condensed their scattered rays, they would not
 form a sun.”

BYRON.

This note may seem impertinent; but surely a Warwickshire man is privileged to be garrulous about *his* Shakspeare.

(2) *And Warwickshire of Somerville can boast.*

“A greater than Somerville,” Michael Drayton, was born at Hartshill in Warwickshire, 1563. See his life in the *Biographia Britannica*, vol. iii. page 1744, folio edition. In the thirteenth song of his *Poly-Olbion*, Drayton gives us a lively description of a stag-hunt in the forest of Arden, in Warwickshire. “The comprehensive largeness which this Ardene once extended (before ruine of her woods) makes the Author limit her with Severne and Trent.”—*Illustrations to the thirteenth song in the Poly-Olbion*, folio edit. 1613, page 216.

ON THE BIRTH OF DRAYTON AT HARTSHILL.

“Lux Haresulla tibi (Warwici villa tenebris

Ante tuas cunas obsita) prima fuit.

Arma, viros, veneres, Patriam modulamine dixti:

Te Patriæ resonant, arma, viri, veneres.”

- (³) *Yet Warton offered up, as was most meet,
Incense of praise to Dugdale in a sonnet sweet.*

SONNET WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S

"MONASTICON."

DEEM not devoid of elegance the sage,
By fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes th' historic page,
Now sunk by time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes unclassic falsely styled
Intent, while cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll; the piercing eye surveys
New manners, and the pomp of early days,
Whence culls the pensive Bard his pictured stores.
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers.

- (⁴) *Cloud-compelling Parr.*

Dr. Parr loved his pipe — no man was more
happy than he was with

"His calumet of peace and cup of joy."

I had the pleasure for many years of an intimate

acquaintance with the late Dr. Parr, who was as distinguished for his benevolence and hospitality, as for his great talents and extraordinary erudition. What Lord Grey, in his fine classical language, said of Windham, may be applied to Parr. "He was a man of a great, original, and commanding genius, with a mind cultivated with the richest stores of intellectual wealth, and a fancy winged to the highest flights of a most captivating imagery." And here may be added, as applicable to Parr, the concluding part of Lord Grey's eulogium on the same distinguished statesman. "He had indeed his faults; but they served, like the skilful disposition of shade in works of art, to make the impression of his virtues more striking, and give additional grandeur to the great outline of his character."—See "Life of Windham," prefixed to his Speeches, vol. i. page 160; and Hansard's Debates, June 6, 1810.

Parr was no great admirer of modern poetry, but he always spoke with enthusiasm of Lord Byron's poetical genius, and when his name was mentioned often exclaimed,

"Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, et modò me *Thebis*, modò ponit Athenis."

Dryden was a great favourite with Parr, who used to quote with delight the paraphrase of the

29th Ode of the third Book of Horace, so admirably executed by Dryden as, in the opinion of such a scholar as Parr, to be equal to the original. High praise indeed!

Dr. Parr's opinion of Warburton is well known: he particularly admired that celebrated writer's character of Bayle; but thought that in delineating Bayle's, he drew the character of Bishop Warburton!

His favourites among our English divines were Butler, Jeremy Taylor, and Paley. He rather underrated Horsley, who, he said, was indebted for the great theological erudition displayed in his controversy with Priestley, to Bishop Bull.

(5) *His feasts were sumptuous on his natal day.*

Dr. Parr never appeared to such advantage as when he was presiding, in all the pride of honest hospitality, at his own table in his parsonage-house at Hatton; he overflowed with kindness towards all around him. At that table have I met Magee, and Maltby, and Basil Montague, and several of the most distinguished wits and scholars of the present day. The most substantial fare was added to

“ The feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

Then our host—

“Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ.”

Parr literally chuckled with delight, when one of the *select*, whom he had never, to use his own phrase, “banished to Siberia,” said “a good thing.” He was then the “*apricus senex*” of Perseus, or the “*Bon Vieillard*” of Béranger ; and when we consider the great events that have taken place in this country and elsewhere since his death, he might have exclaimed in the spirit of prophecy, like the *Bon Vieillard*,

“La liberté va rajeunir le monde :

Sur mon tombeau brilleront d’heureux jours.”

The character of Parr is finely drawn by Archdeacon Butler, in his funeral sermon on that great scholar and benevolent man. Dr. Butler did not “daub” the memory of his friend “with undiscerning praise ;” but while he did ample justice to his numerous virtues and various attainments, hesitated not to point out his faults. *I know* by experience that Dr. Parr was a warm friend, a good neighbour, a most instructive and delightful companion.

“His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.”

(⁶) *Then went the grace-cup round.*

“When in the old man’s hall,
Old friends were gathered all,
And thou with mirth didst light grave features up,
On days of high festivity,
And family solemnity,
As each to each passed on the happy cup.”

ANSTER’S *translation of Faust*, page 49

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.



Now is the spirit from on high pour'd forth
On man ; and where the dragons lay encaved,
Fresh streams of water flow : now triumphs worth, ⁽¹⁾
By purple tyranny no more enslaved,
That through the world too long uncheck'd has
raved.
Knowledge her blessings spreads from clime to clime,
Peace smiles where late war's crimson banners
waved ; ⁽²⁾
Thought, like an eagle soaring in his prime ⁽³⁾
Of strength, exulteth now, since zeal for truth's
no crime.

The crowning city beautiful appears,
Like a fair bride enrob'd in rich attire,
Glorying in the collected wealth of years,
Outshining, e'en in grandeur, far-fam'd Tyre : (⁴)
She has whate'er man's proudest hopes desire :
Her Merchant-Sons, since fortune favours pride,]
To high companionship with kings aspire.
As if instinct with life her vessels glide,
Most glorious to behold, o'er her proud river's
tide.

Her daughters too, whose intellectual grace (⁵)
Heightens their beauty, that they seem to be
Less of a mortal than celestial race,
Are rationally homaged, and more free
Than in the boasted days of chivalry :
When, closely pent within the castle walls,
Languish'd unseen these dames of high degree,
Till on some gaudy day the lovely thralls,
Like costly idols shone adored in gorgeous halls.

Wisdom is in her halls ; to none refused
Are wisdom's precious gifts, as heretofore,
When clerks their knowledge selfishly misused ; (6)
All may the tracts of science now explore :
Perish the vain monopoly of lore !
The gloom-dispelling radiance of the morn
Delighteth not the rising traveller more,
Than it doth glad my heart, that lofty scorn
Recoils from the repellent strength of wisdom
lowly born.

Oft are those artificial fountains dry,
That skill, for grandeur, labours to create ;
But streams, the mountain's natural founts supply,
Flow on for ever beautiful and great ;
To give them birth, they need not toys of state ;
Thus may the much-forc'd mind of high-born youth,
Prove to the rearer's hand a plant ingrate :
While that which nature nourishes, in sooth,
But partial culture asks to reach the heights of
truth.

Unlike the roll that in the heavens appeared,
 (Wherein and eke without were written "woe
" And lamentation,") to the Seer revered,
 Is the bright volume wisdom shows us now,
 Where joy and truth in brilliant colours glow.
Inquiry nerves the mind and quickens thought,
 The source from which our purest pleasures flow.
Bounds to research there are, which spirits fraught
With learning's stores would pass ; in vain, their
 efforts end in nought.

The mind that thus its boundaries would pass,
 Is as a restless creature in its cage :
On unforbidden ground, though much it has
 Yet to acquire, still science may engage
 Its fullest powers, or Niebuhr's * novel page !
Much to unlearn we have, and more to learn,
 As here we journey on to life's last stage,
Within the confines of our route ; why yearn
For mysteries, which to know e'en Seraphs vainly
 burn ? (7)

* The celebrated, indefatigable, and liberal German Historian
of Rome.

Yet to the Sabbath those who toil will look, (8)

And the seal'd volume of a world unseen, (9)

For man has greater charms than Nature's book ;

Though there are pages for inspection keen

Unroll'd as yet : Geologists, I ween,

Have made but little progress in their lore ! (10)

What shall be known, compared with what has
been,

Will be, as if a noon-day sun rose o'er

This earth, intenser light on favour'd man to pour.

Philosophy is like the ladder high

In Padan Aram, when in vision blest

The Patriarch saw, uprising to the sky

And then descending, Angels ; to his breast

Giving the promise of a glorious rest :

Thus, by thy aid, Philosophy, is man

Enabled to discern, though care-opprest,

His relative state of being, since began

Time to unfold his wings, and life's first current

ran

Impregnating all space, and mind effused
From its great parent stock, through worlds
above
And worlds around this globe of ours, diffused
Those elements in which all creatures move
And live ; the universal bond is love. ⁽¹¹⁾
What pleasure 'tis, in mind, to trace the ties, ⁽¹²⁾
Numerous as are leaflets in the grove,
That join our quick sensations as they rise
Fast as each shadow brief along the mountain
flies.

High speculations are as faintly seen ⁽¹³⁾
As the gigantic mountain's shadowy height
When twilight draws her veil o'er such a scene
As heaven unrolls on earth for man's delight,
Late glowing in the sunset's purple light :
All may distinctly gospel truths behold,
They are with ever-living splendours bright
Thus doth the noon-day sun, in rays of gold,
Along the fertile vale each object fair unfold.

The moral atmosphere doth lighten now
As with a paradise-clearness,—thus appear'd
The sky o'er Jordan's stream ; a purple glow
Invested heaven and earth as Jesus near'd
That Prophet, whom the Triune effluence cheer'd.
By man, (unsocial bigotry may frown,)
The bonds of brotherhood are more rever'd
Than in the olden times ; is pride o'erthrown ?
She quails, though on her head glitters the jewell'd
crown.

Life is a mystery, here we are placed
All on a level, wherefore vaunt the proud ?
Have they the genuine form of truth embraced ?
If not, in what do they excel the crowd
Whom the thick-coming shades of error shroud ?
Oh ! not to such vain spirits is it given
To dissipate life's overhanging cloud,
Or to direct for man the way to heaven !
They have too much of earth's all vitiating lea-
ven.

And strongly waxes now the word of God,

And very swiftly runneth through the world
Zeal, potent as the Seer's life-giving rod :

The banners of religion are unfurl'd

Far, and Aherman from his throne is hurl'd. ⁽¹⁴⁾
Through culture's aid the naked rocks may smile,
Mantled in emerald green, with dew impearl'd ;
The seeds of truth shall ripen in each isle,
That now is rank with weeds of superstition vile.

Fanatics in vain their flaming sword would turn

On all around who dare invade their own
Peculiar Eden ; noble spirits spurn

Their narrow laws, despise the bigot's frown,
And tabernacles build for Truth alone !

Religion, central sun, pours forth her light

O'er all the minor orbs of knowledge thrown ;
Man, conscious of his intellectual might,
Rejects heart-withering creeds, that would o'er-
power right.

NOTES TO THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

(¹) *Now is the spirit from on high pour'd forth
On man ; and where the dragons lay encared,
Fresh streams of water flow."*

" For in the wilderness shall waters break out,
and streams in the desert.

" And the parched ground shall become a pool,
and the thirsty land springs of water : in the habi-
tation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass
with reeds and rushes."—ISAIAH, xxxv. 6, 7.

" The imperfection of political institutions," says
HUMBOLDT, " may for ages have converted places
where the commerce of the world should be concen-
tred, into deserts ; but the time approaches when
these obstacles will exist no longer. A vicious

administration cannot always struggle against the united interests of men, and civilization will be carried insensibly into those countries, the great destinies of which nature itself proclaims, by the physical configuration of the soil, the immense windings of the rivers, and the proximity of the two seas that bathe the coasts of Europe and Africa."

" Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedron doth inhabit ; let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the tops of the mountains."

" Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper !"

(²) *Peace smiles where late war's crimson banners
waved.*

" The fruits of the spirit are peace," &c.

" The morality of peaceful times is directly opposite to the maxims of war. The fundamental rule of the first is to do good, of the latter to inflict in-

juries. The former commands us to succour the oppressed, the latter to overwhelm the defenceless. The former teaches men to love their enemies, the latter to make themselves terrible even to strangers. The rules of morality will not suffer us to promote the dearest interest by falsehood, the maxims of war applaud it when employed in the destruction of others. That a familiarity with such maxims must tend to harden the heart, as well as to pervert the moral sentiments, is too obvious to need illustration. The natural consequence of their prevalence is, an unfeeling and unprincipled ambition, with an idolatry of talents and contempt of virtue; whence the esteem of mankind is turned from the humble, the benevolent, the good, to men who are qualified by a genius fertile in expedients, a courage that is never appalled, and a heart that never pities, to become the destroyers of the earth. While the philanthropist is devising means to mitigate the evils and augment the happiness of the world, a fellow-worker together with God in exploring and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature, the warrior is revolving in the gloomy recesses of his capacious mind plans of future devastation and ruin. Prisons crowded with captives, cities emptied of their inhabitants, fields desolate and waste, are among his proudest trophies. The fabric of his fame is cemented with

tears and blood; and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity, in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair.”—HALL's *Reflections on War*.

The Discourses of that much-lamented Divine, the Rev. ROBERT HALL, are the most perfect compositions without any exception in the English language.

The mighty BURKE, when with surpassing eloquence he preached up a crusade against republican France, admitted that nothing short of extreme necessity will justify war.

“The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity, the rest is crime.”
—*Letter on a Regicide Peace*.

(³) *Thought, like an eagle soaring in his prime.*

“Methinks I see a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and

shaking her invincible locks ; methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means."—MILTON'S *Speech for Unlicensed Printing*.

(⁴) *Out-shining, e'en in grandeur, far-famed Tyre.*

“ The power of the city of Tyre on the Mediterranean and in the West is well known ; of this Carthage, Utica, and Cadiz are celebrated monuments. We know that she extended her navigation even to the ocean, and carried her commerce beyond England to the north and the Canaries to the south.”—TAV.

HERODOTUS says that in his time there was a temple dedicated to Hercules, which was enriched with many magnificent donations, especially with two pillars, the one of finest gold, the other of smaragdus: see also PERRY'S *View of the Levant*, page 135.

See the splendid and sublime description of Tyre, in EZEKIEL, chap. 27.

“ Tyre was the centre to which all kinds of goods were conveyed, and from which they were again distributed in the districts where each was demanded. The vast gain thus acquired must have left a constantly increasing surplus of wealth, especially of the most compendious kinds of wealth, the precious metals, in that metropolis of the ancient commercial world.”—JACOB, *on the Precious Metals*, vol. 1, page 96.

(⁵) *Her daughters too.*

In the far-famed days of chivalry the ladies had no real influence, and while their names were passports for every sort of violence on the part of the proud chevaliers, who, self-constituted champions of justice, went about the country inflicting the very wrongs they pretended to avenge;—they themselves were deprived even of the ordinary benefits of education, and were shut out from the enjoyment of air and exercise. They were too costly for ordinary use, and while mocked with the semblances of an

admiration almost amounting to idolatry, were in reality treated like infants. How many weary hours did they endeavour to beguile in employing their delicate fingers on tapestry-work ! How seldom were they admitted into the society of their affected worshippers, but real tyrants ! Unacquainted with the light accomplishments that give such a grace to the female sex, they knew nothing of those more serious studies that women in the present day pursue with a success truly wonderful.

They had not even that engaging simplicity of character that almost atones for ignorance. Theirs was an affected simplicity, if I may use the term, superinduced by a cold and artificial system of education ; and being only intended to shine on particular occasions, they were thrown aside like lumber when the unsubstantial pageantries over which they presided disappeared. But a veneration for the days of chivalry is one of those fallacies that reason will soon dissipate.

(⁶) *When clerks their knowledge selfishly misused.*

When the Roman Empire became a prey to the Barbarians, they gave up as little as possible of their

ancient independence, and when roused by a sense of real or imaginary wrongs, they were ready at all times to assert with their swords the rights they had inherited from their ancestors.

But in the changes that became necessary in their written laws, in the instructions to public officers for the administration of their internal government, and in the legal forms required for the secure possession and transmission of property, to which they had formerly been strangers, they were compelled to have the aid of provincial churchmen and lawyers, the sole depositaries of the religion and learning of the times. These men, trained in the despotic maxims of the imperial law, transfused its doctrines and expressions into the judicial forms and historical monuments of their rulers; and thus it happened that if the principles of imperial despotism did not regulate the government, they found their way into the legal instruments and official language of the Barbarians.—ALLEN'S *Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative*, page 15.

(7)

Why yearn

*For mysteries, which to know e'en Seraphs vainly
burn?*

Ma quell' alma nel Ciel che più si schiara,
Quel Serafin, che'n Dio più l'occhio ha fisso,

Alla domanda tua non soddisfara :
 Perocchè si s'innoltra nel abisso
 Dell eterno statuto quel che chiedi,
 Che da ogni, e creata vista è scisso.

DANTE, Canto 21. *Il Paradiso.*

(8) *Yet to the Sabbath those who toil will look.*

“ For all that moveth doth in change delight,
 But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
 With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight :
 O that great Sabaoth, God, grant me that Sabaoth’s
 sight!”—SPENSER.

“ But if there be a real and necessary, not merely a shadowy agency in heaven, as well as on earth ; and if human nature is destined to act its part in such an economy, then its constitution, and the severe training it undergoes, are at once explained ; and then also the removal of individuals in the very prime of their fitness for useful labour, ceases to be impenetrably mysterious.

“ This excellent mechanism of matter and mind, which beyond any other of his works declares the

wisdom of the Creator, and which under his guidance is now passing the season of its first preparation, will stand up anew from the dust of dissolution, and then with freshened powers, and with a store of hard-earned and practical wisdom for its guidance, shall essay new labours, we say not perplexities, perils, in the service of God, who by such instruments chooses to accomplish his design of benevolence. . . . Shall not the very same qualities which are here so sedulously fashioned and finished, be actually needed and used in that future world of perfection?" — *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, page 157.

“ The truths which we have been capable of attaining here may still, by that condensation and diffusion of which I have spoken, form an element of that transcendent knowledge which is to comprehend all the relations of all the worlds in infinity, as we are now capable of tracing the relations of the few planets that circle our sun; and by a similar diffusion, those generous affections which it has been our delight to cultivate in our social communion on earth, may not only prepare us for a purer and more glorious communion, but be themselves constituent elements of that ever-increasing happiness which still prolonging and still augmenting the joys of virtue, is to reward, through immortality, the suffer-

ings and the toils and the struggles of its brief mortal career.”—BROWN’S *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. ii. page 311.

(9) *And the seal’d volume of a world unseen.*

“ But his peremptory, final, unalterable decree he keeps in the cabinet of the eternal ages, never to be unlocked, till the Angel of the Covenant shall declare the unalterable final sentence.”—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Man, who is of “ such stuff as dreams are made of,” is ever anxious to lift up the curtains of eternity, and to discover the secrets of another world ; but neither Dante with his “ eagles ” and his “ roses,” nor Davy in the “ Vision ” that graces the mild and mellow production of his last years, (“ Consolations of a Philosopher,”) nor Hope, whose last work (would that instead of it he had left us as a legacy another “ Anastasius !”) only proves the absurdity of human speculations when employed on a subject beyond the reach of human intellect ; no, none of these lights of the world can give us a glimpse of our future state of existence.

Vain are all such speculations ; all we know is,

that when “an immortal spirit has finished its earthly career,” to use the beautiful language of a celebrated preacher, now, alas! no more, “an event has occurred, the issues of which must ever baffle and elude all finite comprehension by concealing themselves in that abyss, that eternity which is the dwelling-place of Deity, where there is sufficient space for the destiny of each among the innumerable millions to develop itself, and without interference or confusion to sustain and carry forward its separate infinity of interest.”

(¹⁰)

Geologists, I ween,

Have made but little progress in their lore.

“In those sciences which have attained the highest degree of perfection, the skill of the Creator and the ends and uses of the different parts are most apparent.

“Geology has not yet made sufficient progress to carry us far in this path of inquiry, but we see enough to discover that the very disorder into which the strata on the surface of the globe are thrown, and the inequalities which it presents, are absolutely necessary to its habitable condition.”—BAKEWELL’S *Geology*, page 480.

M. Fresnel, M. Arago, and our own illustrious countryman Dr. Young, have made discoveries in the nature of light which enabled Dr. Ure beautifully to illustrate the third verse in the first chapter of the book of Genesis, “Let there be light, and there was light.”—See his work on Geology, book i. chap. 2, *Of Light independent of the Sun*.

Guided by the cautious spirit of inductive philosophy, what may not future philosophers accomplish !

(¹¹) *The universal bond is love.*

“ And in that depth
Saw in one volume clasp’d, of love, whate’er
The universe unfolds ; all properties
Of substance and of accident beheld
Compounded, yet one individual light
The whole.”

Cary’s DANTE, *The Vision of Paradise*,
Canto xxxiii. verse 80.

“ Terra verò non erat neque aër, nec cœlum, Erebi
autem in infinito gremio
Omnium primum parit irritum furva nox ovum ;
Ex quo, *temporibus exactis, propullavit Amor deside-
rabilis,*
*Radians tergo aureis alis, celerrimæ ventorum vertigini
similibus.*

Ille vero alato mistus Chao et caliginoso, in Tartaro
ingente

Edidit nostrum genus, et primum eduxit in lucem."

Aristop. Aves.

See BRYANT'S interpretation of the above lines in the second volume of his *Mythology*, quarto edition, page 350.

(¹²) *What pleasure 'tis, in mind, to trace, &c.*

The principle of association constitutes one of the most active, and may be considered as one of the primary properties in the human mind. Into its agency some philosophers have been inclined to resolve all our mental phenomena. That in mind, as in matter, every change must have a cause, is a truth unquestionable; and that we can generally discover the connecting principles which govern the train of our ideas, is equally true. Yet every person who devotes much attention to the varying states of his own mind, watching its thoughts and investigating their causes, must be conscious that ideas occasionally start up for which it is impossible to account. I am well aware how easily the causes may escape our attention. Our ideas, perceptions, and feelings are frequently of that evanescent nature, and follow one another in such rapid succession,

that, unless arrested for a moment, they elude our recollection. But while this fact is acknowledged, it is at the same time, we believe, a truth, confirmed by every one's experience who makes what passes within himself the subject of narrow and rigid attention, that thoughts, and names especially, often instantaneously present themselves, to which the train of thought immediately preceding and perfectly remembered has no conceivable relation. A cause must exist, but that cause, we apprehend, cannot always be found in the principle of association."—CROMBIE'S *Natural Theology*, vol. ii. page 14, note.

(¹³) *High speculations are as faintly seen.*

"So whoever shall entertain high and vaporous imaginations, instead of a laborious and sober inquiry of truth, shall beget hopes and beliefs of strange and impossible shapes.

"For the mind of man is far from the nature of a clear and equal glass, wherein the beams of things should reflect according to their true incidence; nay, it is rather like an enchanted glass, full of superstition and imposture, if it be not delivered and reduced."—BACON.

"High speculations," says JEREMY TAYLOR, "are

barren as the tops of cedars, but the fundamentals of Christianity are fruitful as the valleys or the creeping vine."

"Every mind not infatuated by intellectual vanity must admit that it is only some few necessary points of knowledge, relating to the constitution and movements of the spiritual and infinite world, that can be made the matter of revelation to mankind, and these must be offered in detached portions apart from their symmetry. Meanwhile the vast interior, the immeasurable whole, is not merely *concealed*, but is in itself strictly incomprehensible by human faculties."

Natural History of Enthusiasm, p. 308.

(¹⁴) *And Aherman from his throne is hurl'd.*

"Aherman.—C'est ainsi que les anciens Persans appelloient le principe du mal, opposé à Ormosd, le principe du bien."—D'HERBELOT, article *Aherman*.

"In the deep windings of the grove no more
The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirits' yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,

Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon,
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

BEATTIE'S *Minstrel*, canto ii. stanza 48.

A COMPARISON.

A SUN impurpled glow
Is on the waveless sea,
. And not a breeze doth blow,
And not a sail I see.

Like heaven's own pavement bright,*
Is now the placid deep,
On which the farewell light
Of sunset loves to sleep.

Thus beautiful in death
Is youth's departing flush ;
And lovely is the wreath
Where latest roses blush.

* Impurpled, like a sea of jasper shone.—MILTON.

TO A LARK.

THE hymeneal chant
While youthful hearts do pant,
Rising like incense rich, around a bridegroom king,
Its strains cannot compare
With thine for notes so rare
That from thy joyous heart exultingly do spring.

Thy music is thine own ;
A soul-enchanting tone
By ecstasy inbreath'd, when thou wast born, to be
A soaring song of Love
Imbodied, that above
Mocks our most vivid joys with its aërial glee.

ON THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

THEY lie commingling with the earth that late
In rich luxuriance o'er the trees display'd
Their leafy grandeur ; in another year
Others will be as beautiful, and sear.
My friends around me fall, by death's rude blast
Blown rapidly away ; and some in prime
Of verdant youth. And are they lost amid
The common dust ? No. This most lovely eve,
When not a gauze cloud through the atmosphere
Melts gradually away, gives to my heart
A consolation, a prophetic hope
That they shall be again as flourishing
As e'er on earth, in heaven, and happier far.
The after-radiance of the blessed sun
Wakes in my soul a melancholy joy :
I hail the omen, sorrow for the loss
Of dearest friends, but joy that they are blest.

This “ woody theatre,”* that circles now
My good old mansion, shall resound no more
With my friend’s social laugh, and cheerful horn.
He’s gone whose presence dissipated spleen
And head-ache, and the “ numerous ills that flesh
Is heir to.” While the night-dew damps my brow,
I fancy that I see his presence near,
Smiling with wonted cheerfulness on me :
I know that manly form, but, Oh ! how pale
Those cheeks, that once with health’s rich colour
glow’d !

Mild as the moon in the deep blue of heaven
Looks gentleness above the quiet grove,
He looks, dear —. I’ll remember thee
And thy society, — alas, how brief !
And hope again for thy companionship
In worlds which here conjecture vainly strives
To bring before the mind, but worlds of bliss !

October, 1830.

* “ A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.”—MILTON.

STANZAS ON A FINE SUNDAY.

“ Earth has not any thing to show more fair ;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.”

WORDSWORTH.

It is the sabbath of the Lord, awake
Ye who in darkness slumber ! 'tis a day
Most beautiful ; as if for Christ's dear sake
The Sun pours forth a more resplendent ray,
And Nature wears a robe most richly gay ;
The hinds now from their daily labour rest.
The cattle undisturb'd keep holiday :
All men, save Mammon's wretched slaves, are blest,
And cheerful looks reveal their feelings unexpressed.

The woods are sleeping in the sunlight now ;
Thus in the “ light of lights ” confiding love
Reposes ; smooth as crystal is the brow
Of the clear lake, reflecting Heaven above !
Pure as the prayers that holiest saints approve,
Stray children o’er the meads, collecting flowers,
The best that may be into garlands wove,
To crown each other’s brows in green-wood bowers,
Ere the church bells proclaim devotion’s solemn
hours.

Fresh as on Hermon hill the morning dew,
Acceptable as incense that arose
From Aaron’s altar, is the homage true
Of hearts to God: Prayer can our numerous woes
Remove, and soothe the bosom’s fiercest throes !
Is there a place on earth that Angels greet ?
Where persecuted Truth may find repose ?
It is where congregated neighbours meet
To worship God with holy zeal and in communion
sweet.

And well the sunbright day doth harmonize
With the pure gospel light, that shines within
God's blessed church—most glorious are the skies ;
Like souls that purified from mists of sin
To glow with truth's diffusive rays begin.
The sun to his meridian height ascends
As heavenward Christians strive their way to win ;
There shines the Triune Sun, there beauty blends
Hues that are faintly seen on earth—the Sabbath
never ends.

All that night visions show to Bards of Heaven,
All they imagine, from the lovely things
They see, of things unseen, to few are given,
(Vain gift to Man !) sublime imaginings,
Are but the colours bright that fancy flings
O'er life : to beautify our days awhile
She hovers near with many-coloured wings ;
Hence, in the charnis that win us without guile,
When heightened by devotion's glow we see the
seraph's smile.

Yet these resemblances from earth are drawn ;
And shall we, beings sprung from dust, compare
With star-like sanctities, that, ere the dawn
Of light burst on the world with lustre rare,
Circled the Glory-Throne of the First Fair !
What are the songs of earth to Heaven's rich tide
Of melody, interminable there ?
What are analogous to Powers that glide
Through glittering orbs succeeding orbs, in circuit
wide ?

The sun is sinking, the horizon round
Deepens into a radiance more intense.
Again the bells are heard, a cheerful sound,
Gladd'ning the heart of youthful innocence.
What is this love of harmony, and whence ? ⁽¹⁾
Even in our childhood rapture-breathing strains
Of music to sublime our souls commence.
Effluent from beautiful realms where concord
reigns,
They come to promise bliss that God for Man
ordains.

Mysteriously with feelings deep accord

The tones of music, be they gay or sad.

When at the will of the creative Word

Light was, the morning stars, in concert glad,

Together sang, in luminous glory clad :

All was harmonious through the Universe,

Till Man ungrateful did what Heaven forbade.

Then discord rushed upon this earth, the curse

Of sin, and Passion came, of dissonant thoughts
the nurse.

September 23, 1832.

NOTE.

(¹) *What is this love of harmony, and whence ?*

“While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.”

WORDSWORTH.

VERSES ON UVEDALE PRICE'S

“ESSAY ON THE PICTURESQUE.”

Uvedale Price's “ Essay on the Picturesque,” the most finished composition in the English language. DR. PARR.

A MASTER mind, that Taste and Genius grace,
 The fine designs of Nature's hand can trace ;
 Where they may differ, where again we see
 The beautiful and picturesque agree.
 How light, where stands a tree of beauty, plays, (¹)
 The eye delighting, through a thousand sprays :
 How Autumn to the landscape gives a glow
 Divine, that Painters o'er their canvass throw ;
 Hence Titian's golden hue, and colouring warm,
 That has of Autumn all the mellow charm.

How sudden bursts of sunshine in the spring
O'er the green flourishing tree their lustre fling.
The delicate foliage of the leaf conceals
In part the boughs beneath, in part reveals.
How undulate the boughs in wavy pride,
As sweeps the light breeze o'er the river's tide.
How distant openings through the glade invite
Inquiry, source of ever new delight ;
Leading the eye as in a wanton chase,
Onwards, with happy art *creating* space :
Itself the same, through combinations new
Changes from every spot beheld the view,
Advances here a wood and there recedes
A stream, again, far glittering o'er the meads !
How stretch along the hills, around, above,
Trees singly, or in groups, or lengthen'd grove.
How fan-like branches of the cedar, spread
Magnificently, feather overhead,
In avenues, of which the pillar'd shade
Attracts the devotee, or love-sick maid.
How on its gorgeous canopy of leaves
The widely-branching chestnut light receives.

Now, Uvedale, pour thy storm of satire down (²)
On that great Master of Improvement, Brown.
Who would variety's fair charms deny,
And with eternal clumps fatigue the eye?
Thickets, and glens, and every natural grace
To that Magician's tasteless art give place.
Romantic walks and coves, projections grand,
Are swept away by his all-levelling hand.
Oaks that around their arms majestic throw,
If rooted in the soil proscribed, must go.
Wild flowers, that o'er the river's margin stray
In intertangling knots, are mown away!
The cheerful stream that silently beneath
O'erhanging boughs in many a mazy wreath
Stole on, or babbling o'er the shallows ran
Fretting the stones, is widen'd by a plan;
Shrubs are destroyed, banks levell'd down in haste,
A sheet of water glares, so wills it Taste.

Malvern, October 10.

NOTES.

(¹) *How light, where stands a tree of beauty, plays.*

Take a single tree only, and consider it in this point of view. It is composed of millions of boughs, sprays and leaves intermixed with and crossing each other in as many directions, while through the various openings the eye still discovers new and infinite combinations ; yet in this labyrinth of intricacy there is no unpleasant confusion : the general effect is as simple as the detail is complicate.— Uvedale Price on the Picturesque, vol. i. p. 262.

(²) *Now, Uvedale, pour thy storm of satire down.*

“It is to be regretted,” says the amiable and highly-gifted Sir Henry Stewart in his *Planter’s Guide* (Note 13, page 411) “that Sir Uvedale Price in his valuable *Essays on the Picturesque* (probably the most powerful example of controversial writing and acute criticism in the language) should have somewhat lessened their effect by personal sarcasm and the bitterness of controversy.

As to Brown, he has not, according to the vulgar phrase, ‘left him the likeness of a dog ;’ and his conceit, his ignorance, his arrogance, his vanity, of all which Brown had his full share, are blazoned forth in the most glaring colours.”

ADLESTROP HILL.

Ah, why in age

Do we revert so fondly to the walks
 Of childhood, but that there the soul discerns
 The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
 Of her own native vigour—but for this,
 That it is given her thence in age to hear
 Reverberations ; and a choral song,
 Commingling with the incense that ascends
 Undaunted tow'rds the imperishable heavens
 From her own lonely altar ?

WORDSWORTH'S *Excursion*, Book VIII.

BEAUTIFUL day thou art ! but doubly fair
 To me as from this spot I now behold
 Things of familiar loveliness ; the air
 Whispers of childhood, changeful lights unfold

Scenes of which many a pleasant tale is told.

Lo ! as the panorama gay is seen

Distinctly, hamlets, mansions known of old,
Glow in the sunshine ; cornfields, meadows green,
And wood-surrounded domes of grandeur swell be-
tween.*

The deep of azure by a cloud unstained

Above ; the wild bee's solitary hum ;

The butterflies, whose joyaunce is unfeign'd,

Coloured, as if from gayer worlds they come,—

Creatures not grateful less for life, though dumb :

The swift that skims the ground with rapid wing,

The thousand thousand flowers we cannot sum,

The streams that from moss-covered founts out-
spring,—

All in the Sun rejoice, their earth-o'ergazing king.

Here the pavilion stands, where children bright

At morn assembled for the dance or game,

* And “ flowery gardens curtain'd round
With world-excluding groves.”

Lively as Fays, as delicate Ariel light ;
 Though they are grown to womanhood, there
 came
 To Fancy's eye apparently the same
To-day, their young successors full of joy :
 And as the Sun subdued his fiercer flame,
The dance commenced, that charmed me when a
 boy,
And simple sports that gave delight without alloy.

The presence of the past is bodied forth,
 Or in plantation deep, or covert glade ;
Though my coevals planted toward the north,
 Grown with our growth, flourishing as we fade,
 Throw out a wider amplitude of shade,
It seemeth that this hill-encircling zone
 Of beech and firs but yesterday was made ;
There to assist illusion, yon grey stone
Remains, of old the work-directing planter's throne.

The numerous steps of time that rise between
 Childhood and age mature, when upward view'd,

Interminable seem ; when downward seen,
The mental eye with smooth descent illude :
'Twixt *was* and *is* how brief the interlude !
As we re-seek a spot the heart that cheers
With the remembrance of a sport pursued
In childhood, visibly *there* it re-appears ;
Vanisheth like a rapid dream long interval of
years !

And what is Time's progression ? the same breeze
That in my boyhood fann'd me, on this hill
Around me plays ; yon patriarchal trees
Unchanged remain, the ever lively rill
Runs through the garden rapidly at will ;
The stars that cheer'd my nightly walks, here shed
Their spiritual influence on me still.
One proof, alas ! there is, that years have fled—
Some who have here with me rejoiced are num-
bered with the dead.

Feelings they had to harmony attuned
Of Nature, song of birds, and voice of streams ;

They with their ever-present God communed,
Tracing his finger in the redd'ning gleams
Of morn, or noon-day Sun's resplendent beams.*
They *saw* his fiat in the lightning's speed ;
They *felt* an evidence with which earth teems
Of life revived, as plants sprung from the seed,
And in the rainbow's sign God's promise loved to
read.†

Now are they spirits glorified, and far
Look through the unapparent, as they rise
Swift, as Elijah in his fiery car
Through spaces infinite,—before their eyes

* “ Wherever God will thus manifest himself, there is Heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world.”—*Sir Thomas Browne's “ Religio Laici.”*

† How beautifully Jeremy Taylor, whose works are an inexhaustible magazine of poetical images, illustrates the covenant of our Redemption by that of the Rainbow ! “ For this Jesus was like the rainbow which God set in the clouds as a Sacrament to confirm a promise, and establish a grace ; he was half made of the glories of the light and half of the moisture of a cloud ; he was sent to tell of his Father's mercies, and that God intended to spare us ; but appeared not but in the company or in the retinue of a shower and of foul weather.”

Truth now withdraws the veil of mysteries.
All they perceive that, sought on earth, behind
A cloud by man not penetrable lies ;
All they perceive, as mirror'd in the mind,
That, ere creation was, wisdom eterne design'd.

I love an Avenue—'tis like the aisle
Of a Cathedral—solemn, ample, grand,
If at the close a venerable pile,
Grey, turreted, the interspace command,
Looking tranquillity, as evening bland
Comes on, and to the rookery return,
Darkening the air in flights, a cawing band :
But Memory's spirit doth within me burn
As yon majestic elms in ranks I now discern.

Each tree has its peculiar charms allied
To early recollections : on the bough
Of one I dared, a venturous wight, to ride ;
And where another far its arms doth throw
Around, a verdant arbour framed below—
A bower of bliss indeed, though not so gay

As that which Spenser's picturing fancies show,
In which Acrasia, fair enchantress, lay,
And spread her net for idle knights through the
 long summer-day.*

The spirit might (affections here embrace
 The home in which is cast our early lot)
Hereafter recognise some glorious place,
 That slumbering in this world it had forgot—
 A sweeter home than earth's most cherish'd spot—
Some orb of beauty words cannot relate,
 Circling the spirit free as yet from blot
Of sin, ere its probationary state
Began — But here in vain we strive to speculate.

Oft when the thunderstorm has ceased, I've
 gazed (1)

From this green hill on such a sight divine
As Wordsworth's Solitary sad amazed ;

* See Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book II. Canto xii. Stanza 42, and the following Stanzas, in which the great poet combines all his powers of description with the utmost harmony of versification.

That cannot be described in verse like mine,
But lives embodied in the glowing line
Of Rydale's mighty Bard : earth, air, and sky,
With mountain-structures, cloud-built domes,
outshine
All palaces by Fancy raised—the eye
In pageantries of Nature may faint types of Hea-
ven descry.

Outbursts of sunlight after summer shower,
With luminous distinctness gild the leaves,
Circulate smiles o'er petals of each flower,
That bending for the loss of splendour grieves.
Thus man from Heaven consoling light receives,
With waters of affliction when opprest ;
Hope of its weight the drooping soul relieves,
And virtues brighten forth, that in the breast
Beneath prosperity's broad glare would undis-
cerned rest.

We drink in, as it were, the flow of life
Around us, that insoul'd becomes a part

Even of our being : thought is ne'er at strife
 With thought, when love of Nature's at the heart,
 That bids all good to enter — ill, depart.
They who from mountain-heights look o'er the
 vale,
 Smile, from its touch secure, at Envy's dart :
They on the placid lake who love to sail,
Care not what contests fierce in cities proud pre-
 vail.

Those who hereafter view the golden corn
 Waving below, (the reapers and their lord
Gone, and replaced by others lately born,)
 May have their minds with imagery stored,
 Richer than that my humble lays afford :
May they, while garnering up boon Nature's
 wealth,
 Add these my little gleanings to their hoard,
And kindly think of him who here by stealth
From dull pursuits some moments snatched to
 breathe the gales of health !

August 1833.

NOTE TO ADLESTROP HILL.

(¹) *Oft when the thunderstorm has ceased, I've gazed, &c.*

I allude here to the description of the magnificent spectacle seen among the mountains, in the second Book of Wordsworth's *Excursion* by the Solitary. I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe part of it.

The appearance instantaneously disclosed
 Was of a mighty City,—boldly say
 A wilderness of building sinking far
 And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth—
 Far sinking into splendour without end !
 Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
 With alabaster domes and silver spires,
 And blazing terrace upon terrace high

Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems.

* * * * *

O 'twas an unimaginable sight !
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald
turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapp'd.

BEAUTY'S CASTLE.



By opal battlements engirt, appear
In workmanship as chaste as in design,
Of diamond framed and gold, high gates, that near
The castle built by Taste, for Beauty shine ;
On earth inimitable, work divine ;
Rich with a thousand rooms, that multiplied
By crystal mirrors, deepen like a mine
Exhaustless and illum'd, a circle wide :
Pillars of emerald grace the hall in column'd pride.

Here Beauty smiles ineffably enthroned ;
Her smile diffusive is as solar light ;
Her voice is musical as harp fine-toned,
Conveying to the senses such delight

As the world feels when sunrise chases night
 Away. Her robe is as the upper sky;
If there one milky-way o'erpower the sight,
 Brilliant, angelic shapes around her fly;
The loveliest maids with these fine spirits cannot vie!

Diversely splendid, as o'er foliage glow
 Autumnal colours, which the noonday sun
Mellows with golden light—or, as the bow
 Arching the heavens, where, mingling into one
Well-blended glory, hues unnumber'd run—
 As various flowers adorning gardens gay,
Where art completes what nature hath begun,
 They shine ; or as the intermingling play
Of splendours flashing forth from gems Sultan
 vain display !

Theirs is undying loveliness ; while years
 Flow on they are the same ; nor grief nor pain
Stain or impair their charms ! They have no fears,
 No unavailing chase of pleasures vain ;
No love—that withering, seldom blooms again !

Such are the ministering sprights that wait
On Beauty, fairer than the fairest train
Of virgins, that adorn a monarch's state ;
Or fays, that bright as stars, inventive bards create.

Such seraphs are. They may *idealized*
Be, but no sculptors e'er their forms have wrought
In marble ; no, nor painters highly prized,
Ever on canvass have their features caught,
Though by such art the poesy of thought
Is bodied forth ; no poet can reveal,
(His mind with treasured imagery fraught)
Those superhuman beings, that the zeal
Of Fancy would disclose, but Nature will conceal.

The glories of the fane will harmonize
Simplicity and grandeur ; to and fro
Like sunbeams, or quick glances of bright eyes,
Rapid, ideal changes come and go,
Of living pictures an unending show.

Here Fancy brightens with unwearied wing ;
Tides of celestial music onward flow
For ever ! voices sweeter than in spring
Philomel's notes, in praise of Beauty ever sing !

ENDLESS LIFE.

Eternal life ! If all the winds of heaven might be concentrated to fill the trump that should proclaim it, the blast would be but too feeble for the theme ! If all the constellations of our firmament were grouped afresh to blazon those few letters on the vault of heaven, the matter would be more than worthy of the legend.—SHEPPARD.

OF life the ascending vista on the soul
Opens, as ages after ages roll
Away, progressing still the glorious spright,
Into a far receding infinite !
A cloudless perspective ! with which the past
Compared is nothingness, however vast !
The soul, on brightening pinions upward soaring,
Eagle-wise, still the Sun of suns adoring !

Not solitary! but, affections good
Here to enjoy, in their most perfect mood;
Uninterrupted friendship, social bliss!
What can be greater happiness than this,
To view in sweet communion with the loved
On earth, Heaven's folded counsels there evolved?

THE SAURI.

ERE as it is the world its course begun,
 The earth o'erteem'd with children of the sun,
 Goliah lizards of a former age,
 When a hot temperature was all the rage ;
 What were the ladies of the temperate zone
 Then ? Warm as central fire—now cold as stone !
 And man, if man existed then, I ween,
 Had all the fiery particles of Kean,¹
 Or Byron, when a boy, whose name would spread,
 Like Talbot's, among " clods" or cockneys, dread.²
 But all is now comparatively cool.
 Thank Heaven ! we have no Camelfords at school.³
 Though heat-begotten monsters we encase
 In our museums, perish'd have the race.

Whether they were herbivorous, or ate
Dirt, like an Otomac, I cannot state.⁴
They thirsted not, like monsters since the flood
Begot—the taste is ancient too—for blood!
Perchance, as Waterton a crocodile⁵
Rode, they were ridden, though in length a mile!
Conjecture here—geologists advance
But sober truths—loves somewhat to romance.
The freeborn Sauri scorn'd a *reigning* lord,
Half-monkey and half-tiger, beast-abhorr'd,
That rides, like tailors on their fluttering geese,
A many-headed hydra, *not* with ease.
The steed will throw his rider if press'd sore,
As Spenser's dragon threw the gorgeous w—; ⁶
The Lithuanian, fretting at the curb
Imperial, may *his* master's seat disturb.
Proud of their igneous origin, the tribe
Were self-important, as a titled scribe.
Shallow, as Trinculo deem'd Caliban,
Whether through fens they paddled, crept, or ran,
Singing in chorus marshy songs,⁷ devouring
Fern sallads, like our idlers bored, and boring,

They lived—chronologists may guess the time—
And then returned to—what they came from, slime.
Ere Alorus they lived; or, to go higher,
Ere lived forefathers of a Cambrian 'squire.⁸
They may, sublimed into another sort
Of beings, through ethereal space transport⁹
Themselves with a rapidity intense,
With tubes provided, every tube a sense.
Such Davy saw, or dream'd he saw, at Rome.
Philosophers have sober views at home ;
At Rome sublimed, their spirits, now on fire,
Be-luned, to Ariosto's flights aspire.
Oh were these high-bred monsters now alive
In those famed gardens, where on *Sunday* drive
Ladies high-born, as to a morning rout,
To laugh at apes with tails, and apes without,
Fashion might then revive Egyptian rites,
And in these non-descripts discern "new lights."
Though some plebeian 'peer, whose pedigree
Would puzzle Heard,¹⁰ might not their merit see ;
Pendant from gorgeous ceilings, to amaze
The world, their forms in *or-molu* might blaze

Through grand saloons, where taste capricious links
Alliance strange,—a griffin with a sphinx !
While pretty women lisp, “ You have not seen
The plesiosaurs ! Where could you have been ? ”
Far more in fashion they than Namick Pasha—
A Brahmin—comet—or Lord Dudley’s bashaw ;
Or novel, of the season latest, best,
Yet *so* severe, it ought to be suppress.
Would they were now alive, consuming wheat,
And kept by rich zoologists, to eat !
They, like Napoleon, prices might exalt
More than remission of the tax on malt ;
And land-owners would cease to grieve, that they
With crippled means increased rent-charges pay.
Soon would they disappear on Erin’s bogs,
Cherish’d, as Isaac Walton cherish’d frogs,
To be impaled by Orange seers, who hope
To prove that monsters symbolize the Pope ;
Especially if *their* long tails emit
A phosphorescent light like—Irish wit !

NOTES TO THE SAURI.

“ Gigantic vegetables, more nearly allied to the palms of the equatorial countries than to any other plants, can only be imagined to have lived in a very high temperature ; and the immense reptiles, the *megalosauri*, with paddles instead of legs, and clothed in mail, in size equal or even superior to the whale ; and the great *amphibia plesiosauri*, with bodies like turtles, but furnished with necks longer than their bodies, probably to enable them to feed on vegetables, growing in the shallows of the primitive ocean,—seem to show a state in which low lands, or extensive shores rose above an immense calm sea, and when there were no great mountain chains to produce inequalities of temperature, tempests, or storms.”—Davy’s *Consolations in Travel*, p. 145. See also the account of the gigantic *Saurian* tribe, in Ure’s *Geology*, pp. 219. 226.

“ The crust of the globe was exceedingly slender, and the source of fire a small distance from the surface.”—*Davy, ut supra*, p. 135.

The tepid primeval ocean gave marvellous developement to all its productions, from the *polyparia* and shell-fish to the *megalosaurus* and *iguodon*, (Ure.) See also Lyell's *Geology*, vol. i. *passim*.

(¹) *Had all the fiery particles of Kean.*

“ A fiery soul, that working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'erinform'd the tenement of clay.”

I saw Kean perform the character of Sir Giles Overreach, at Warwick, but a very short time before his death, with all his wonted energies; though then “ the flash and outbreak of his fiery mind ” were “ like the fitful light of a candle,” to use his own expressions, “ flickering in its socket.”

Well do I remember, in my youthful days, the first appearance of Kean in the character of Sir Giles Overreach, when “ the loveliest oligarchs of the gynocracy ” crowded to the orchestra to see him; and the present of a piece of plate was voted to him by acclamation in the green-room.

They were glorious days of histrionic and poetical excitement, when the prolific genius of Byron pro-

duced poem after poem in rapid succession to delight the world, and Kean shone in a succession of such characters as Sir Giles Overreach, King Richard the Third, Shylock, Othello, (who that has seen, can forget his Othello!) &c. &c.

(²) *Or Byron, when a boy, whose name would spread,
Like Talbot's, among "clods" or cockneys, dread.*

See Shakspeare's First Part of Henry the Sixth, acts 1 and 2, where the cry of "Talbot!" caused the flight of the French. The shout of "Here's Byron coming!" had much the same effect on the "clods," a generic, and not very flattering term by which the young aristocracy at Harrow designated the lower orders there, with whom they had frequent *rows*, in which the noble poet shone pre-eminent.

When a *row* commenced, as Lord Byron was lame, he could not get to the scene of action as soon as other boys; but his fame went before him, and his name had almost as great effect as his personal prowess on the alarmed "clods."

The cockneys, too, had frequent engagements on a Sunday, (*proh pudor!*) with the Harrow boys, as they were often exposed to the insulting gibes of the young gentlemen. Some of these "cockneys"

or "Sunday bucks," as they were generally called, often proved themselves to be good men in the pugilistic contests. To the delicate appearance they sometimes united the science of "Dick Curtis," that "pet of the Fancy."

Lord Byron was a good, but somewhat stormy actor, when at school, and loved to perform such parts as Osmond in the *Castle Spectre*.

(³) *Thank Heaven! we have no Camelfords at school.*

The late Lord Camelford was the terror of hackney coachmen and coffee-house loungers, being equally celebrated as a duellist and pugilist.

(⁴) *Whether they were herbivorous, or ate
Dirt, like an Otomac, I cannot state.*

There is a singular account of the Otomacs in Humboldt's *Narrative*, vol. v. p.639, (Helen Maria Williams's translation:)

"They reside in the mission of Uruana, and eat earth; that is, they swallow every day during several months very considerable quantities, to appease hunger without injuring their health."

(⁵) *Perchance, as Waterton a crocodile, &c.*

See Waterton's *Travels*.

(⁶) *As Spenser's dragon threw the gorgeous w——.*

See Spenser's Faery Queen, book i. canto 8, stanza 17.

(⁷) *Singing in chorus marshy songs.*

As harmonious as the "Frogs of Aristophanes."

(⁸) *Ere Alorus they lived; or, to go higher,
Ere lived forefathers of a Cambrian 'squire.*

We learn from the fragments of Berosus, Apollodorus, Abydenus, and Alexander Polyhistor, preserved by Eusebius and Georgius Syncellus, that the first king of Babylon was named Alorus; that nine kings succeeded him in a direct line, and that the last of these was named Xisuthrus, in whose time happened the great deluge. — Drummond's Origines, vol. i. p. 8.

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

Horat. lib. iv. od. ix.

Mr. Cadwallader's family in "Foote's Author" was older than the Creation.

(9) *They may, sublimed into another sort
Of beings, through ethereal space transport
Themselves.*

“These beings who are before you, and who appear almost as imperfect in their functions as the zoophytes of the Polar Sea, to which they are not unlike in their apparent organization to your eyes, have a sphere of sensibility and intellectual enjoyment far superior to that of the inhabitants of your earth: each of these tubes, which appears like the trunk of an elephant, is an organ of peculiar motion and sensation.”—Davy’s *Consolations in Travel*, pp. 47, 48.

(10) *Would puzzle Heard.*

Sir Isaac Heard, late Garter King at Arms, a very pleasant old gentleman, who at the age of eighty could kiss his own toe, and used to perform several agile feats in his old age to please His late Majesty.

THE END.

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